

Under the warm covers, I recalled  
the sad tune she always played  
on her trumpet, and how at  
the end of the movie, the geat  
Anthony Quinn abandons her while  
she sleeps on the side of the road. Soon,  
however, he is haunted by the sad music  
of her trumpet. He misses her intensely,  
searches but cannot find her. And when  
he learns that she is dead, he sits  
on the beach and weeps to the heavens.  
I slept for ten hours.

#### MAYBE IT'S THE RINSE CYCLE

She shrinks my shirts.  
something happens  
to the fabric  
in the washing machine  
and they come out of the dryer  
a few sizes smaller  
than they went in.

I'm sure it's not intentional,  
still it's irritating as hell.  
I have a closet packed tight  
with tiny shirts I can't wear.  
and they're always the best ones,  
the newest, the best tailored,  
my favorite colors,  
the ones that really looked  
great on me.

I'm always forgetting,  
pulling a beautiful shirt  
out of the closet, saying  
"how come I never wear this one?"  
then I try it on and  
I remember: the sleeves  
end half way up my arms,  
my wrists hang out  
awkwardly.

I'm going to take them  
all out of the closet  
tonight when I get home  
and give them to the Goodwill.

The straight jacket I've  
got on right now,  
an early morning blunder,  
should help to remind me.